The Girl I left behind me

To which are added

THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW

The DROP OF A DRAM.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

The MAID OF THE MILL.

LIMERICK: Printed by W. GOGGIN.

The GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'M lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And over the moor that's foggy,
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled,
Since I have parted Moggy,
When e'er I turn to view the place,
The tears doth fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace,
Of the girl I left behind me.
The hours I remember well,
When next to see doth move me,
The burning flames my heart doth fell,
Since first she said she loved me.
In search of some one fair and gay
Several doth remind me,
I know my darling loves me well
Though I left her behind me.
The bees shall lavish make no store
And the dove become a ranger,
The falling water cease to roar,
Before I ever change her,
Such mutual promise faithfully made
By her whom tears doth bind me,
And blessed the hours I passed away
With the girl I left behind me
My mind her image still retains,
Whether asleep or awakened,
I hope to see my jewel again,
For her my heart is breaking.